

Quintet Quest

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Summary: Al comes back from his time in Xing and reunites with his brother, Winry, and friends in Central. Soon after his arrival, though, a certain mysterious figure appears and sends a group of five to an unknown land, one where the rules of what's possible or not are crazy different... Who sent them there, for what purpose, and will they be able to get back home? Post-FMA:B/manga, AU.

Quintet Quest

****AN:** We don't own FMA or it chars just our plot and our OC's**

****Acknowledgements:** credit for our title goes to Scaehime our friend from ffnet**

****Lily:** A wild Esmi and Lily appeared! :D**

****Esmi/Mizu:** It's Esmereilda aka Mizuha-chan on wattpad ^^ you can call me either Esmi or Mizu if ya want ^^**

****Lily:** And I go by many names... But most just choose Lily.
XD**

****Esmi:** XD I think you go by LilacLily on both ffnet and Wattpad right?**

****Lily:** Yup! lilacLily00. Anyway, Esmi came to me with an idea to write a fic together! This is what resulted.**

****Esmi:** Yep! I will be handling our wattpad release and you've got the ffnet release cover right lili?**

****Lily:** Yeah! Teamwork! :D**

****Esmi:** YAY 4 Teamwork *pumps air with fist* Now on with the chapter :3**

* * *

><p>4 Years Later<p>

"Really? _This _again?"

"Yes, this again." Mustang acted cool and calm as he sat at his desk with his chin resting on his clasped hands, though he let a smirk through his facade, clearly enjoying the Elric's reaction. Not to say he wasn't also internally dreading the whole event; it most likely meant more property damage he'd have to pay for, after all. "Grumman heard about the fight we'd done a few years back, but wasn't there to witness it. And he knows the State Alchemist recertification deadline is coming up. So-"

"He wants me to amuse him to keep my watch. Wow." Ed sighed deeply, rubbing the side of his head with his hand. He was starting to doubt how good of a president the old geezer would be if he spent his time in office doing things like making State Alchemists fight each other. He was always up for a spar, of course, but it wasn't as fun if someone else was telling him he had to do it.

"So do you accept the order or not, Fullmetal?" Mustang asked, looking pleased with himself.

"Yeah, you self-righteous jerk, I can't exactly refuse it since it's a direct order from the flippin' _Fuhrer._" The blond huffed, but then seemed to think of an idea that caused a sly grin to come onto his face. "_But, _I don't think a _rematch_ would be that bad."

The black-haired general's smirk started to slip in confusion.
"Excuse me?"

Apparently, both had forgotten the presence of Lt. Colonel Hawkeye- who remained always standing by Mustang's side- for they subtly jumped in surprise when she spoke up. "I believe Edward means that you would have to be his opponent, sir."

"According to _this_, " Ed began to say in a nonchalant manner, pointing to the copy of his written order in his hand, "I don't have a specified opponent; I just need to fight someone with skills."

"You _do_ have skills, sir."

Mustang gaped at Hawkeye for a second before he caught his bearings and thought up a rebuttal for Fullmetal. "_Anyone _would be considered 'someone with skills' compared to _you, _especially if being tall is considered a skill."

"DANG IT, MUSTANG! I'VE GROWN AT LEAST 5 INCHES AND YOU KNOW THAT!"

"Ah, yes, you're right." The older man put a hand over his eyes as if searching. "I can now _just barely _see the top of your head over the edge of my desk..."

"OH YEAH?! Well, I have more usefulness in my automail pinky finger than you do in your whole body when it's raining!"

Roy's expression darkened at the classic "uselessness" jab, but he retorted just as fast. "I find that hard to believe when you're smaller than a single raindrop."

Ed's easily-provoked temper showed in his red face, but Hawkeye did not give him a chance to make a comeback. "Leave the banter for the battlefield, Edward." She gave a pointed glare to her superior, making him quickly clam up. "You too, General."

"Yes, Lt. Colonel," both males muttered, causing her to softly smile in satisfaction.

"So, uh, do you know when this is supposed to happen?" the blond alchemist asked once he had the nerve to speak up again.

"It is a week from tomorrow, so they can prepare the parade-grounds again for what will inevitably be a... _messy _fight."

"Perfect. Al will be here to witness me smash your smug face!"

Roy ignored the insult in favor of focusing on the first part of his sentence. "Has he been in Xing 2 years already?"

The blond's face softened, clearly happy to know that soon he'd get to see his brother again. "Yeah. His train to Central will arrive on Tuesday. Just watch, he's going to come back with a new wardrobe and accent."

v^_^v

Ed and Winry stood anxiously by the benches, not even bothering to sit down while they waited; they were too jumpy and needed to move around.

Winry's train had just barely made it to Central a few hours earlier, so Ed had helped her take her stuff to his dorm before they rushed back to the station to wait for Al to arrive.

Winry was currently bouncing on the balls of her feet, and glancing around everywhere even though she knew the young man she searched for couldn't possibly be there yet. At a point, her gaze landed on Ed's right arm. He didn't bother wearing gloves that day, so his metal hand glistened in plain sight.

"When's the last time I checked up on your automail?" she inquired while brandishing her favorite wrench, mildly surprising Ed with the sudden starting of a conversation.

"Uh, about 3 months ago, I think," he calculated after a few seconds of looking up to visibly show he was thinking.

"Hm. Well, since I'm already here, we should take some time to do another tuneup, then."

"My arm and leg feel fine, but sure," he shrugged back, figuring there was no harm in letting her look at them, especially because _this _time she wouldn't feel the need to bash his head in for ruining his automail. He _was _capable of keeping them in one piece!

...Except there was going to be a crazy fight with Mustang in a few days...

"Ya know, you can, uh, stay for a bit longer than originally planned... It's no problem at all..."

She lifted up an eyebrow (along with her wrench), displaying her suspicion. "You're right, I could, but- as much as I love Al- I have a business to run back home, and I don't want to be gone for too long. Do you _want _me to stick around for longer?"

Ed's eyes widened, not wanting to let her in on the fight until it was too late. The last time he mentioned something about possibly ruining his automail sooner, things didn't go very well. "Nonono, it's not _me, _I was thinking... that Al would want to hang out more! He's been gone for so long, you know, and we're all so close!..."

The blonde was clearly still skeptical, but wasn't in the mood to argue. "Alright then, I'll ask when he gets here." Saying that sentence suddenly triggered back up both their anxiousness, but more excitement was thrown in this time. It'd been _2 years, _after all; who _wouldn't _be excited?

Approximately 11 minutes and 43 seconds later (of _course _Ed wasn't counting, what gave _that _idea?), a whistle accompanied by loud clattering began in the distance. Ed and Winry quickly scurried closer to glimpse the new train and hoped with all their might that Al was on it.

A few minutes after that, the train finally slowed to a stop in front of the benches, and both decided to stand on one of the said benches to make it easier to spot the familiar golden-haired boy. Once the majority of the crowd had cleared out of the train, they found him. Though he looked a little different (in age, shade, and wardrobe), there was no mistaking Alphonse Elric.

"AL!" both blonds shouted excitedly, waving their arms around crazily. They got a few weird looks, but they couldn't care less- especially since it worked in grabbing the younger Elric's attention. They could see his face light up with a grin as he turned in their direction and then fought through the sea of people to reach them. Ed and Winry promptly ignored the fact that Al was holding luggage, proceeding to attack him with a giant hug.

"Brother! Winry!" Once he caught his balance, he dropped his suitcase and returned the embrace even tighter. "I missed you guys!"

"Same here, Al," Win replied, voice muffled by her face being pressed against his torso by the hug.

After a minute they all finally let go, and a realization registered in Ed's brain. "Wait a minute, you're even taller now!" he pouted, having to look up to meet his brother's amused face expression. "That's so unfair!"

"We already knew I had a bit more growing to do," Al simply said with a shrug, but his face showed he was enjoying his older sibling's antics. By this point, they could hear his voice actually had a bit

of an accent, just as they predicted would happen, but neither commented on it.

Ed paused as he thought of something. "How tall is May now? She was so tiny before."

"Oh, she's just a little under Winry's height now," Al replied as he studied Ed and Winry's appearances a little more. "She was really wishing she could come visit Amestris again, but she has too many responsibilities now."

"Jeez, I can't imagine that little rice girl as a leader of a whole clan," Ed grumbled. He spotted Al's suitcase and remembered they actually had things to do. "Oh yeah, we should probably get out of here. I'd rather not continue to be squished by tons of strangers."

The other two in their little trio agreed wholeheartedly and climbed their way out of the train station, lugging a giant suitcase with them, all the way to Ed's military dorm a few blocks away.

* * *

><p>AN: this chapter was not beta'd, so we do apologize for any errors we didn't catch. We are currently looking for a beta-reader, so if anyone would like to beta for us please pm us on either wattpad or ^^

**Lily: K, just me now, specifically to FFN peeps! 1. You guys are awesome, and I hope you like this story! It'll get really interesting, I promise! 2. I am writing the next chapter for "Visiting Homeland" (which has turned out to be quite a long chap, and will also have who knows how many Alts!), and am not giving up on that! 3. If someone would like to draw a cover pic for us, that would be crazy awesome! I'm considering doing one myself, but it wouldn't be the highest quality of the universe, so~ **

Thank you for reading this chapter! :3 K bai!

End
file.